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### WHEN THEY KNOW THE TRUTH!

**C**AN we much longer believe oft-repeated protests that it is the peoples of the European nations who with heart and soul are waging righteous war?

When the British Government is afraid to let Britons know the truth about their own imminent affairs, when news of the sinking of a great battleship is officially and deliberately withheld from the patient, anxious public which must produce more men, money and ships, can we credit the assertion that government and people are fighting as one?

If this policy of desperate deception obtains in England what must be the situation in Germany or in Russia where public desire for facts humbles itself before authority?

Fear to let a people know the truth about its own fortunes is the gravest admission of weakness a warring government can make.

It means that the people are not the war makers.

It means that the real war makers can get money to carry on the struggle only by doctoring all news but news of victory.

It means that when the truth finds its way to the toiling millions who bear the terrible burdens of this war, from fields, from cities and villages throughout Europe, will go up one mighty, all-compelling cry for peace.

Orders placed in this country for munitions of war alone already total \$200,000,000. Current communications from Europe to the United States invariably begin: "Please ship!"

### CATCH THE SPIRIT.

**O**UROWING prosperity continues to roll up facts and figures. Government departments are doing their best to get plain truths into doubting heads. Every day, records of swelling imports and quickening industry furnish data to convince the gloomiest.

A letter sent by Secretary of Commerce Redfield to Chambers of Commerce throughout the United States reminds the nation of October's \$60,000,000 excess of exports, reminds it that a \$43,000,000 August deficit in New York bank reserves has risen to a surplus reserve this month of nearly \$18,000,000, reminds it that cotton has begun to move and that "on many sides mills are busy and factories running full time or overtime."

No observer of the large movements in our commerce today fails to recognize the great improvement that has been made in business conditions in the last few weeks and which is still progressing.

The coming winter throws no such dark shadow before as was feared a few weeks ago, and the statement is beginning to be heard here and there that goods cannot be delivered as promptly as they are wanted because the factories are too busy.

The world abroad, both that part of it which is in arms and that which is at peace, is turning toward America for a large portion of its supplies, and the phrase "Buy it in America" has come to have a potency that has hitherto been lacking.

But it's not enough to tell people that good times are coming. The real start is made when they tell themselves so.

"I am a private of the privatest kind."—T. R. Kind of progressive privacy?

### HONEST BATHING.

**S**HOWING school children how to take baths appears to be a recognized duty of the city. Teachers are appointed for this purpose from the eligible lists like other teachers.

An item—"Baths \$20,000"—challenged in the budget hearing before the Finance Committee of the Board of Aldermen, drew from Superintendent Maxwell the admission that this money was paid not only to swimming instructors but to "other teachers who simply taught the pupils how to scrub themselves."

Why begrudge or belittle this branch of instruction? Bathing is so instinctive. Nor are its rudiments taught in all homes. Under coercion it takes the form colloquially known as "a lick and a promise." It sends the small boy to school with a shiny face—and a margin of undisturbed grime that sets in just above of the ears. Washing only the show is a bad habit early acquired which persists in later life.

The practice of honest bathing is one that the public schools could do much to foster. It is worth a few dollars to start the young on the right track by insisting that necks must be clean all the way round.

Reserve Bank Here Swamped With Money.—Headline. Many other beginners have looked for that swamp.

### Hits From Sharp Wits.

Sometimes it is the man who stands some hours before the bulletin board who thinks he is overworked.—Pittsburgh Sun.

There are some offenses for which nobody will accept any apologies, especially when we refer a poor excuse.

Let us now get down to business. We can't bowl and work at the same time.—Wilmington Star.

Because a man cannot boast of blue blood so reason why he should have a yellow streak in his make-up.

The trouble about tidal waves is that they carry off as much as they bring in.—Macon Telegraph.

It seems a strange thing that the fuller a man gets the emptier his head becomes.

Masculinity in a woman is not nearly so pronounced as effeminacy in a man.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Experience teaches us, among other things, that much of what we thought we had learned from observation isn't true.

Most of us wouldn't do what we think we would do in another's place.—Albany Journal.

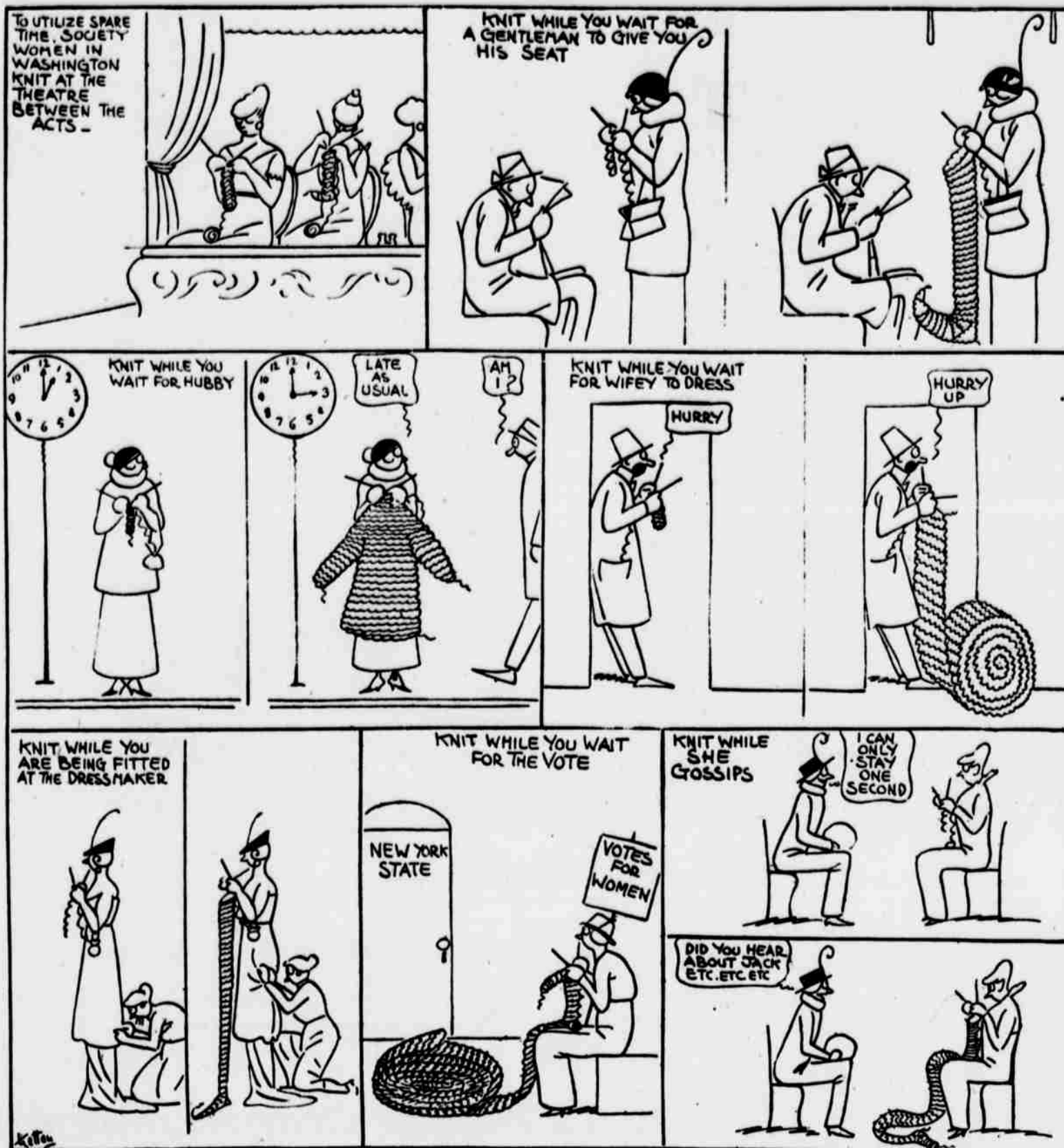
### Letters From the People

Readership at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to the Editor of the Evening World: I am a man of letters and I am sure that you should be suppressed by the police as much as possible at our next street parade. Such things seem to be necessary to the maintenance of the peace and order in our city. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J. H. Smith.

orderly, but there are almost always a few hoodlums and old madmen who make things miserable for spectators and paradees alike, especially to the young ladies. Some police officers seem to tolerate these as more innocent fun, which it is not. A. O.

## Knit While You Wait

By Maurice Ketten



## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

**"I**T seems as though I had been away for years and years!" cried Mrs. Jarr, as she kissed the children. "Aren't you glad to see me, my darlings?"

"What did you bring us, Maw?" asked the boy. "What's in the package?"

"It's a tandy!" asked the little girl. "Let me see!"

The packages being opened and rifled of several pounds of salt water taffy and an electric light pistol and a sand baby doll, the young Jarrs consented to give sticky kisses and to show their appreciation of the gifts by starting to fight over them. Mrs. Jarr declared she must have a cup of tea, and that, after all, it was well worth leaving one's home, even to ride in a stolen automobile and to find one's self at an all-the-year-round resort without a thing to wear to get back to one's loved ones.

"We made our getaway just in time," remarked Mr. Jarr. "I saw Harold Dogstony, the press agent, running along the platform after the train. The whole bunch would have been aboard with us, giving everything away; only old Jared Smunk blocked the way by standing on his head to read the train sign at the gate."

"Something tells me they will take the next train and descend upon us," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "Oh, dear! Think of that awful Mrs. Bingle and her dreadful little bow-legged boy!"

"Who is the bow-legged little boy, Maw?" asked Master Jarr. "Gussie Bepier's got a little brother with bow legs and he lets us run our skateboards through 'em. Couldn't I have a bow-legged little brother, like Gussie Bepier's got? Couldn't I, Maw? Izzy Slavinsky tries to make his little brother's legs bend, but they won't!"

"Yes, yes! I want a bow-legged little brother!" cried little Miss Jarr. "They look so funny!"

"That will do, children!" cried Mrs. Jarr in emphatic tones. "If any bow-legged little boy is brought to this house I do not want you to cry if I tell his mamma that I am sorry but I can't entertain her and her child." Then she turned dismissively to Mrs. Jarr. "What do the Cackleberry girls and Mrs. Bingle mean by insisting their dreadful friends on me? Was that the doorbell?"

But it wasn't the doorbell, it was the telephone. Mrs. Clara Mudridge-

## Part of Atlantic City's Population Invade the Jarrs' Harlem Domicile.

panying them, were Mr. Jared Smunk, his sister-in-law, the old veteran's widow; Mrs. Bingle and little Harold Bingle, the bow-legged boy; Mr. Bernard Hodger and Mr. Harold Dogstony, the press agent.

Mr. Jarr had gone down to his office. Mrs. Jarr was downtown at the Hotel St. Croesus, and Gertrude, much as she loved interesting company, would have held the fort. But when the Jarr children saw the bow-legged little boy they cried so uproariously that Gertrude was forced to a grudging hospitality.

Later, when Mr. Jared Smunk stood on his head to look down from the front window at the busy street below, Master Willie Jarr was so engrossed in imitating him that Gertrude, the light running domestic, was forced to put three extra leaves in the dining room table, realizing it would be a long siege, and the commissariat would be severely strained.

### Warologues

By Alma Woodward

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Scene—A dumbwaiter shaft in the morning. (Mrs. A. opens her dumbwaiter door and attempts to whistle. The door below flies open in answer.)

MRS. A. (leaning out)—Hello, Carrie! Say, what time did you and Joe come in last night? I phoned down at 10:30 and Della said you were out. Where'd you go? Movies?

MRS. B. (disdainfully)—No. Went to the Ellysium.

MRS. A. (slightly piqued)—Oh, you did? How did you like it? I heard it was punk.

MRS. B. (indignantly)—It was not! It was grand! Why, listen—in the first act Helene, the wife, takes a ball-ropes and strangles her husband, and—

MRS. A. (hastily)—Tell me about it this afternoon. I called you up last night to tell you that I want to one of the free markets yesterday and I saved a bunch of money!

MRS. B. (eagerly)—Honest? I've just been waiting for some one to go there and tell me what it's like. What'd you save?

MRS. A. (becoming enthusiastic)—Oh, I saved a pile of cash, really, Carrie! What I won't get out of my housekeeping money now! Gee, it'll be a new hat every couple of weeks for little Ethel, believe me!

MRS. B. (impatiently)—Well, go on, tell me!

MRS. A. (Well, for instance, I got eighteen oranges for a quarter, my dear. Just think of it—eighteen! And me paying Jones fifty a dozen right along. And ten cents a head for cauliflower—ten cents—in these war times, too! And look—put your head out a little bit, Carrie—I got this elegant piece of top sirloin for forty-two cents. Isn't it grand? How'd you cook it, eh?

MRS. B. (slowly)—Well, let me see, Nora C. (opening door)—Shure it'd make a fine Irish stew, with prattles an' onions an'—

MRS. D. (joining the commissariat department)—Sauerbraten, las it! Soak mitt vinegar for two days and den—

MRS. E. (unable to resist the temptation)—I'd do it in a bit of a popple, don't you know? It's ripplin' done with—

MRS. F. (excitedly)—Ah, mon amie, a bouef a la mode, wis mushroom, wis carrots, wis white wine, wis—

MRS. A. (enraged at the butters-in)—Nis on the entente cordiale! This place is neutral. All of you forget it—see? I'm neutral. This meat's going to be hash! (Slams dumbwaiter door).

## Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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**A** WOMAN'S first kiss is so sweet that, nowadays, most men are willing to let it be the last.

Love is a furnace in which the man builds the fire, and forever afterward expects the woman to keep it glowing, by supplying all the fuel.

It is delicious to watch a honeymoon couple trying to behave as bored and disagreeably toward one another as though they had been married a whole year, and six months later to see them trying to appear perfectly friendly.

A woman has no code of honor, but acts according to her intuition; a man always has a code of honor, but acts according to his inclination.

Just because you have divorced your husband is no reason you should brand him as a pariah; think of all the things you like and admire, but would not care to have around the house.

Some people have such good principles that they never use them—probably for fear of wearing them out.

No attractive bachelor ever survived a season of platonic friendship with a professional "man-hater"—and still remained a bachelor.

You have to believe a man blindly in order to love him—but oh, how blindly you have to love him in order to believe him!

A kiss in time saves nine explanations.

## Greatest Battles in War History

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 33—FLODDEN FIELD, Scotland's National Tragedy.

**E**NGLAND and Scotland had for centuries been snarling at each other across the borderline. From time to time the sleepless hate would burst into open and murderous warfare.

In 1513 England was at war with France. England's King, Henry VIII., was on the Continent with the flower of his army. This seemed to the Scotch a good time to wipe out old injuries. James IV., King of Scotland, rallied his armies. The "Bery cross" was flashed from mountain to mountain, and by thousands the fierce Highland clansmen flocked to their monarch's aid.

Over the border into England swarmed James and his host of invaders. The invasion spread consternation everywhere. Such English troops as were not in France were not mobilized. James seemed to stand a very fair chance of reaching London. But instead of taking advantage of his foe's weakness he wasted many precious days in capturing fortress towns in the north of England. This delay gave time for the Earl of Surrey to raise an English army and hurry it north to oppose the Scotch advance.

The armies halted near each other. And, after the chivalrous old custom, Surrey sent James a formal challenge to battle. James accepted, and moved his army to Flodden Edge, among the Cheviot Hills. Surrey, by a clever manoeuvre, marched the entire English army behind the Scotch, cutting off the line of retreat to Scotland.

This move placed both armies in the utmost peril. Whichever should be beaten would find itself separated from its base of supplies and its homeward journey barred by a victorious enemy. It was equivalent to strapping two duellists' wrists together.

The English drew up in four divisions in the plain below Flodden Edge, the Scotch massing on the hillside above them. On the afternoon of Sept. 9, 1513, James gave signal for battle. The Scotch first move was to set fire to their own camp, so that a victory alone could mean death from destruction. Then, at 4 P. M., the fight began. It was over by 8.

The English opened the battle by a volley of arrows and of cannonading. The Scotch were for the most part impetuous Highlanders, whose only idea of warfare was hand-to-hand fighting. To them a half hour was a long time for a battle to wage. Their conflicts were usually decided in the first onrush. So, instead of replying to the English long-range attack, they dashed down the hill and hurled themselves upon their enemy.

The Scotch left wing—their vanguard—made up of spearmen—bore down upon one of the four English divisions and swept it off its feet, hurling the whole column back in disorder and threatening to flank the remainder of the English army. But Surrey's cavalry reserves brought the triumphant charge to a halt, and slowly forced the victors backward.

Meantime, the Scotch right had assailed Sir Edward Stanley's Lancashire archers. Against the deadly hailstorm of arrows, the Scots could make no headway. They could not even come to grips with their Lancashire foes; but were thrown into confusion and retreat.

King James of Scotland, with several thousand of his best knights and men-at-arms—the flower of the Scottish army—charged the English centre. His warriors hacked a bloody path through the English ranks, James leading them. Cleaving the opposing lines of knights, James and his mailed heroes fought their way through to where England's Royal Standard waved; through to within a spur of the Earl of Surrey's camp.

It was one of the most brilliantly desperate charges in the history of arms.

As he rode at Surrey, sword in hand, James was struck dead from his horse. No one knows who slew him. A hundred English knights claimed credit for the deed. His followers were surrounded and hemmed in. They would not surrender, but fought until not one of that picked band remained. The rest of the Scotch army fled, leaving 10,000 dead on the field. The English loss was 7,000.

## So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen

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**M**OST of the ambitious, coffee-stimulated folks who, on a brisk, beautiful Sunday morning in autumn, start out to walk "at least ten miles" in the park or in the country—most of 'em, or us, walk nearly a mile and a quarter before they—or us—begin to rubber for the nearest trolley car.

Just as there isn't one barber in all civilization who'll cut our hair just the way you want it cut, so likewise there isn't one count 'em, ONE—tailor on all the inhabitable globe who'll make your trousers as long at the bottoms and as high at the waistline as you want 'em made, no matter how much you may beg, implore and beseech him.

Over in the Pocono Mountain section of Pennsylvania a month or so ago—just three hours from New York—we saw, in the course of a motor ride or two, at least a hundred thousand bushels of fine, large winter apples rotting on the ground. The farmers said it wouldn't pay them to pick the apples up. Yet you have to pay at least a nickel for only a fairly decent eating apple in New York.

The unmarried woman who, because some one no-account man has played her a scurvy trick, lumps all men together in her embittered ranting of the male tribe isn't a winning race to meet up with—and you don't meet up with her twice if you see her first. Why is it, by the way, that widows rarely or never pass the male bled in their talk? And angry widows have had a hard deal from their defunct men folks, too.

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## The May Manton Fashions

Whatever fashion has introduced for the grown-ups is sure to follow for the younger contingent. Just now these loose belted garments are exceedingly smart. This one is the easiest thing in the world to make and is charmingly child-like and becoming. As will be noted in the different illustrations, it can be made all of one material or with the skirt and trimming of one, and the overgarment of another, and any frock that can be treated in that way is a good one for the growing girl since the style lends itself to remodeling with great success.

The skirt is in two pieces, slightly full, and the belted overgarment is made with the blouse and skirt in one, so that there are only underarm seams to be sewed.

For a twelve-year size the dress will require 5 1/2 yards of material 27, 3 1/2 yards 36, 2 1/2 yards 44, 2 1/2 yards 48, with 1/4 yard 5/8 for collar and belt, 1 1/4 yards of lining material for the skirt.

Pattern No. 8478 is cut in sizes from ten to fourteen years.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, 100 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always enclose two cents for letter postage if it is a hurry.

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